



\$200.00 IN PRIZES

123 WINNERS THE EASIEST CONTEST IN THE WORLD!

All you have to do is tell us how to improve SMASH COMICS.
NATIONAL COMICS, CRACK COMICS and HIT COMICS.

Write us a short letter listing your various suggestions and enclose the coupon at the top of the inside back cover with your letter.

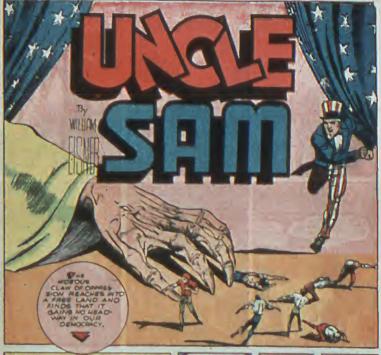
First prize is \$50.00, second prize is \$20.00 and third prize is \$10.00. In addition, there are 120 consolation prizes of \$1.00 each. So fill in the coupon right away and try to win a cash prize.

The best letter we receive wins the \$50.00. But in order to win a prize, you must fill in the coupon at the top of the inside back cover (or facsimile) and send this to us with your suggestions. Make your letter interesting and list your favorite features in the order you prefer them.

This contest is open to everyone except employees of SMASH COMICS. NATIONAL COMICS. CRACK COMICS and HIT COMICS. All letters must be received by March 15th in order to be eligible for a prize.

Send all letters with coupons to

QUALITY COMIC GROUP
322 Main Street
Stamford, Conn.



AT A TRANSATIANTE RIER, ANOTHER PITPLILLY OVEROROWDED REFUSEE LINER IS DOCKMAN ANKOUS PELATIVES THRONG THE DOCK TO GREET THEIS BAD OUTCASTS OF WAS TOON ELECTRIC



ACH, HANE!
I AM BO HAPPY!
FIRST OUR NEPHEW

FIRST DUR NEMEW
HEINRCH ESCAPES
FROM A
CONCENTRATION
CAMP AND THEN
HE COMES
HERE TO
AMERICA!



A YOUNG MAN CARRYING A BATTERED SUITCAGE MALKE DOWN THE GANG-PLANK,



HE BLOODSHOT EVES SCAN THE CROWD. THEN.,





THE OLD COUPLE EASERLY TAKE HIM TO THEIR NEAT LITTLE HOME. HEINRICH, THE IS OUR GRANDSON. YOUR COUSIN PAULT WELCOME COUSIN



AT DINNER HEINRICH MONOPO-LIZES THE CONVERSATION, WHILE THE OLD PROPLE LISTEN IN DEED INTEREST.

SEVERAL WEEKS DASS, HEINDICH IS INSTALLED AS A PERMANENT GUEST ONE NIGHT.

THAT VERY MOMENT MEINRICH IS IN THE MIDST OF HIS EVENING AT HOME.







BUT THE LITTLE COUSIN PAUL WATCHES UNOBSERVED FOOM THE CELLAR STEDS



THE NEXT DAY MEINRICH ARE YOU NOT MADO. FORENDS WHY THEN DO E PLENTY TIME











































































UNCLE BAN HOWEVER IS TOO BORY....IN A FLASH HE WAS SMATCHED HEINDICKS CLASSES.

















































UNCLE SAN PIGHTE FOR DEMOCRACY AGAIN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MATIONAL CONCE













TWO DAYS LATER BALLY LANDS



























PAGE 12

















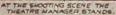


















THAT DAY GALLY RECEIVER A







IN THE CLUB CAR SALLY













PAGE 14

OH, PARDON ME. CERTAIN GENTLEMEN .. HAV LY MISS YOU A MATCH? FR.









SHE STICKS LIKE GLUE TO MR KELLY



THAT'S OLD STOCK RYE KELLY TASTE IT YOU'LL LIKE IT! THAN.



BUT BEFORE JIM KELLY CAN TAKE A SIP, A GUN IG POKED IN FRONT OF HIM



YOU'RE TOO SMART, BOTH OF YOU. YOU WONT UVE TO TELL THIS TALE THOUGH!



HALF MAD WITH PAGE, SMITH FIRES BLINDLY. SALLY IS NOT TO BE CAUGHT UNAWARES OWEVER



IN DESPERATION THE GUSPECT CRASHES HEADLONG THROUGH THE WINDOW.



BUT SALLY JERKS THE EMERGENCY CORD



AND THE TRAIN SCREECHES TO A STOP



HE OUGHT TO KNOW IT'S NOT SAFE TO JUMP FROM TRAINS . NOT WHILE IM HERE TO STOP HIM?

PAGE 15











































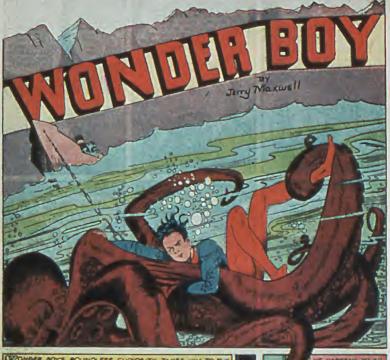
WATER UNTIL THE











CONDER BOYS BOUNDLESS CUDIOSITY TAKES HIM TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY TO LEARN OF NARINE LIFE!



WE MAPPIENS TO SO BY A DOOR THAT IS MALF OPEN AND OVERHEADS.













MEANWHILE THE FREIGHTER SS

































WONDER BOY STARTS FOR THE SURFACE, DRAGGING THE OTHERG, BUT.,







A TEAR FIC STRUGGLE WITH THE GIANT SEA MONSTER ENDE IN VICTORY FOR WONDER BOY. .





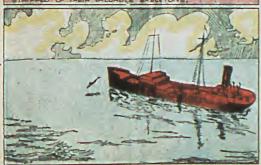


IF YOU MEN
WANT TO SAIL
UNDER THE
ORDERS OF THE
ORDERS OF





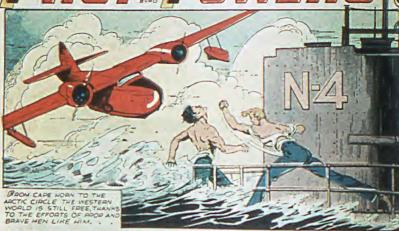
JOHN CRAY CONTINUES THE DIVING WORK. THE CORAL REEFS ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR VALUABLE EXELETONS.





WONDER BOY SWIMS BACK TO ANOTHER STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS.

PROPERS



DACO POWERS AND HIS HILL BILLY BUDDY LANK, JEY LOW OVER THE GULF OF MERCO. SUDDENLY LANK YELDS.



YOUTE RIGHT LANK! SOMETHING IS THEFF WELL TAKE A LCOMY



CLOSE TO THE SURFACE GLIDES A MUSE SHADOW! THE LONG GRAY MOLL OF A U-BOAT.



MOVING STEADILY IT REACHES A HIDDEN COVE, WHERE IT RISES ABOVE THE SURFACE.



THAT SUBS INSIDE THE NEUTRALITY ZONE! GET YOUR BLUNDERBUSS, LANK. WE'RE GOIN HUNTIN!



WAIT

TALKING!

= ISLANDS

THE GOVERNOR

SOMEONES



WHATCHA

DOOR!

LOOKIN'IN THE











































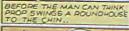














THE SECOND VILLAIN NOW APPEARS .. PROP REPEATS THE PROCEDURE ...







BOADOWING THE CONFISCATED SUBMARINE'S FUEL PROP AND LANK LEAVE TO COMPLETE THEIR FLIGHT.



CONT MISS PROP POWERS THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS...

Kid DIXO PAGE 27 Bob Reunolds











































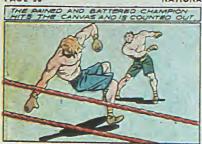










































































WHO DO







































































BUT QUICKSILVER WI BE FAST IN HIS NEXT SPEEDY ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S COMICS

























































































THE WILDCATS TRY DESPERATELY TO LENGTHEN THEIR LEAD, BUT THEY FIND IT HARDER THAN THEY



MINUTES PASS QUICKLY AND THE TWO TEAMS SOON FIND THEMSELVES IN THE LAST QUARTER.



SUNSHINE MAKES AN EFFORT



BUT HE ONLY LOSES TEN





JUST TEN SECONDS REMAIN TO BE PLANED. AND SUNSHINE DECIDES TO KICK A SIXTY-FIVE YARD FIELD GOAL...



























LAGEA PILLE LOWELL RIGGS









































JACK FUMBLES ABOUT IN THE WALLT AS THOUGH HE TOO WERE OPENING A STRONG BOX.



NATIONAL COMICS



















Acres 11 2 12 1























M- - - 1



THE BONES OF SQUATTER JIM

A Story of America By Anthony Lamb

> wide world is he restin' here in upturned dirt. hosaphat! wide world is he restin' here in my wheat field for?" He asked himself and the bones over

> > and over again.

He didn't expect an answer but he got one.

"Sorry if I gave you a scare, friend, but those are my bones. I'm Squatter Jim."

Jeff wheeled about and saw nothing at first. But slowly a form began to grow out of the spot where the bones lay. A misty figure grew until it took the shape of a man. The man wore a leather jerkin and a coonskin cap and in his hand was a long rifle. Jeff whistled.

"I reckon you've been dead a long time, jedgin' by those clothes."

Squatter Jim grinned broadly. "Reckon' I have. Fields here used to belong to me by squatter's rights. Died defendin' em too. Fell on my own soil and wasn't even given a Christian burial. Guess my folks had to clear out quick when that land greedy Bolton come bearin' down on 'em. Too long ago to hold a grudge tho. Been lots of fightin' on this land since. Up to the time

The mail plane flying its western route roared over the vast field where Jeff Brown sat on the seat of his rolling tractor and wrinkled up his eyes at the sky.

"That's the purtiest bird in th' heavens. Sleek and silver. An' it hums so low and easy. An' the man up that can look down an' see me settin' here and cuttin' down the rows. Bet it looks like a big patch of corduroy like my Sunday pants—this whole big field of plowed up earth—Turns into golden silk come harvest time."

Jeff chuckled to himself at his own poetic thoughts. The plane grew smaller and smaller till it was a tiny speck dropping over the horizon.

Rich waves of fertile earth sprayed back of Jeff's plow as his tractor rolled on down the line and the sun was moving up to the middle of the round dome of blue that was cupped down over his fields. It was noon and Jeff was hungry. He climbed down from his perch and unpacked his lunch, stretching out on the warm ground in the shadow of the tractor.

Suddenly his eye caught something in the upturned dirt.

"Jumpin' Jehosaphat!
What's that? B-bones? Jeff
Brown I know you ain't been
drinkin'—but whose bones do
you suppose would be reposing
in this wheat field?"

Cautiously, he rose to his haunches and edged over to the furrowed row where the aged bones that had once supported the chest of a man lay uncovered. He was sure they were human bones and not the skeleton of some stray wild animal. A few feet away the skull peered out of the earth through its dark sockets, Jeff didn't see this until he stepped back away from the rib cage and his heel sent the round, macabre object rolling out of its hiding. Jeff gave a startled yelp as he stared down at a row of yellowed teeth.

"The old boy's grinnin' at me, or I'll be darned," he gasped as he began to regain his nerve which for a moment had left him shivering with fear. But he had too much sense to let this sudden discovery upset him for long. He grew interested: "What in the

your grandpappy bought the' land legal and started makin' it pay. Nice fields you got here. Wonderful thing this iron buggy you got to do the work fer you."

Jeff took out his blue checked kerchief and mopped his brow. "Mind if I sit down here and ketch my breath. This is sort of sudden to have happen to a fellow. Meetin' a ghost at noon."

"Sure, I understand. Rather meet me at noon than midnight wouldn't you? Wal, I jest thought, long as you dug up my bones with that contraption over there I might as well make myself known to you. There's a lot of things I'd like to know too."

It wasn't long before dead Squatter Jim and young Jeff Brown were talking together like old pals. Mostly the talk was about the land and the new methods of farming. But in a bittle while the roaring hum sounded above as the great eross country transport winged on its new run. Jim pointed up.

"That's another thing's been puzzlin' me. They ain't birds flyin' up there makin' all that noise are they?"

Jeff explained the marvel of the airplane and now it was Jim's turn to whistle.

"Life must be pretty perfect now with all this new fangled stuff. Guess it was worth us fightin' and dyin' for '— To make a wonderful country like sou've got here."

Jeff frowned and grew serious. "Yep, we got all the inventions but that same bird you see up there carryin' peaceful citizens can also drop death out of the clouds. That's what they're doin' over in Europe." "No, things ain't perfect by a long shot. As much good a machine does-jest that much harm it can do too. We got a long way to go, I guess." Jeff's voice was tired and discouraged. This was a subject he didn't like to think about. "Things is so bad over there it may mean that some day we'll lose all this that you died and lought for,"

Jeff wasn't at all prepared for what happened next. A swift blow shot up from the ground and landed on his square chin. His teeth came together with a resounding click and the brown earth and blue sky whirled dizzily around him. Slowly, as the spinning quieted down to a gentle rocking Jeff opened his eyes to see Squatter Joe standing above him—his

fists ready to deal mother hay maker.

Without thinking, Jeff leapt to his feet and swung into the ghost. Jim was a very solid ghost and the living man had all he could do to stay on his feet and they exchanged hearty blows. Jeff was just ready to send one up from his very toes when Squstter Jim broke away and started to laugh.

Jeff stood awkwardly poised for a knock out and he was the very picture of puzzled surprise. "What in blue blazes—?"

"You're allright, leff, For a moment you had me worried. I thought from the way you talked that you had no fight left in you. Thought maybe all this easy machine stuff had made you too soft to stick up for justice. But you got the fire of fight in your heart when you know you've been done wrong. That's all I wanted to know, Jeff. America is safe as long as her men know that justice and freedom are somethin' you gotta fight for-like us of the old days."









AT THE

A STRANGE THING ABOUT THE WILDCAT BREWERY'S LAUNDRY.. IT'S ALWAYS STAINED WITH GREEN INK!







































PERPLEXED,





THEN ALONG THE FLOOR....
SETTLING INTO THE VAULT,
WHERE IT REMAINS STORED.
THE ODOR VANISHES INTO THE AIR.

















PAN MILLER BUSTS A CRINE AGAIN... IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

RETURNS TO THE NORTH WOODS, WHERE WITH RENEWED GOSH WITH RENEWED CONTINUES HIS LUMBERING. THE JEHOSAPHAN















THAT NIGHT THE CONSPIRATOR'S CARRY OUT THEIR TREACHERY.



WITH DEVASTATING RESULTS .





















BUT THE THUMDERING TREAD OF GIANT FOOT-STEPS COMES CLOSER TO CAMP.

























IN ANOTHER GIANT WHOMER'



INTRIGUING .. I'LL

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED MERLIN



AT THE SAME TIME A DECREPT AR SPUTTERS DOWN THE PRIVATE KELL OGG ROAD.







INTO MERLIN





































NATIONAL cours.

HIS

QUALITY COMIC GROUP.

322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. (Use this coupon for listing your favorites in SMASH COMICS, NATIONAL COMICS, CRACK COMICS, HICCOMICS and other comic magazines, Enclose this coupon with your letter entering contest described on page 2 covers.)

SMASH COMICS	In NATIONAL COMICS	In CRACK COMICS
I like these features.	I like these features.	I like these features.
(1) (100 × 1) (100) (100 × 100)	Lafar - Land - Land	1. popular
1 1 (19) (20)	2	2
ne i mangnara namala	1	1
	4	4
	S	S. ,,
HIT COMICS		
I like these features.	In other comic magazi	nes I like these features.
	L and a contract and	E
	2	7
(a de la manufacturant	K
	4	9.
		10.
	\$	



